Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whi'per fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percy, Willoughby; with Buſhy and Greene, priſoners.

Bul. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhy and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With two much urging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths,
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my necke under your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraigne Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt woods;
From mine owne windowes torne my Houſhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſe, leaving me no ſigne,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

Con-